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PHILADELPHIA REPOSITORY,

AND

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Macleod of Dunvegan.

A SCOTISH TALE.

(CONCLUDED.)

"POWERS of Vengeance!" apostrophized the astonished youth——"Is it thus, thus you tear the heart of Macleod?"—He was eagerly approaching the wretched victim, when, raising her hand, she faintly waved it for him to retire, nor add criminal duplicity to the merciless barbarity which had decoyed her thither.

"Me!—barbarity!—decoyed!—What means my beloved Ellen?"

A deep sigh and rejecting action was his answer. The horrid truth now flashed upon his harrassed mind—his father, Hugh Macleod—the enemy of Macdonald—the deceiver of the innocent——*He* had betrayed the suffering Ellen; and while her unsuspecting lover was rejoicing in the promise of their speedy re-union—*He*—this detestable parent, was preparing the sharpest arrows of disappointment for the son, who had unhappily offended him, and thus —*was no longer his debtor!*

It was with infinite difficulty the exhausted virgin could be made to comprehend the real situation and integrity of the weeping Archibald; but truth forces conviction. She saw his agony, she heard his energetic asseverations, and renewed her confidence in his affection. The tears that dropped upon the chain he unloosed were the sweet indications of sincerity, and Ellen willingly submitted her person to his care, but protested against entering the dwelling of a man by whom she had been so cruelly betrayed. Unwilling to give a charge so precious into common hands, and certain that his appearance at Macdonald's castle would insure his destruction, Archibald knew not what method to adopt. However, it was an emergency that admitted no uncertain decision. Already his sisters were in part acquainted with the discovery he had made, and already had added their earnest petitions to his, that Ellen would at least accept their joint services for her accommodation. These she thankfully but steadily refused, and no alternative remained but that of immediately restoring her to a lamenting parent. For such a purpose, and to gratify his ardent care for her safety, our young hero determined to hazard even his life, and this in strong opposition to her tender entreaties, and the representation of his anxious sisters.

While Ellen partook of a slight refreshment, Archibald collected some of the stoutest youths in the clan, to answer a double effect—as a guard to himself against Macdonald's rage, and protectors to his Ellen from the ferocity of Hugh Macleod, whom he could recollect in no other light than as the determined enemy to his happiness; and every fear for a culpable parent's safety was absorbed in the contemplation of his vile duplicity.

It appeared, from what his beloved companion hinted, that four days previous to this discovery, she received a verbal message, importing Archibald's wish to meet her near a small cairne, for the intent of conducting her to Dunvegan House, where the reconciliation, which had already reached her ear, was to be celebrated with every testimony of Scotish hospitality. To her question—Why young Macleod did not personally conduct her from the castle?—was opposed his reluctance to meet her father till the preliminaries of this new treaty of peace were settled. Ellen made no farther objection, and reached the cairne just as the evening was closing, when, somewhat alarmed at not being met as she expected, her reluctance to advance became visible to the peasants, but the appearance of a person riding towards her obviated the scruples she had admitted:—it was Hugh Macleod, whose behaviour, and the reasons he gave for his son's absence, proved perfectly satisfactory, and free from the smallest suspicion.—Ellen dismounted near an ancient castle, as Macleod's house, in preceding ages, could only be entered from the water.

The anguish of recollection then forbade a discussion of the treatment that followed her arrival; and Archibald, on whom this scene of villainy had operated with an energy which might have proved fatal to her treacherous persecutor, had he been within reach, shed tears composed of shame, indignation, and love, while he pictured to his labouring mind the terror and distress of the lovely sufferer when dragged by the savage to that melancholy recess, where chains and famine were to embitter her few remaining days; and glancing an eye of tender pity on her pale countenance, touched as it were with an expression of grief and languor, vowed never to quit her till safely lodged under her paternal roof.

Ellen shuddered at the temerity of this resolution: her apprehensive heart spoke of dangers and death; but her fears were opposed with an argument in favour of Macdonald's former forbearance——"He *has* been generous—he *can* distinguish between the actual crime of a parent, and his son's undoubted innocence!"

Thus spake Archibald, but he could not allay the anxiety of affection; nor, when he glanced at the assistance of his depend-

ants, did it contribute to alleviate the pangs which duty had likewise created. Before a point so important could be settled, Macdonald Castle presented its vast turrets and huge portals to the travellers' view; and Ellen, who had been conveyed on a sort of hurdle, was received by her anxious parents with tears of gladness, to whom, when the first transports of meeting were passed, she revealed the name and attention of her dear deliverer, and this before his father's baseness was particularized; but Macdonald's suspicions of the truth were prophetic, and he started as though the very title menaced destruction. The frown which succeeded her information was charged with meaning of a terrible import, while a ghastly smile denoted the completion of gratified revenge, and, when the quivering lip and beating bosom permitted, he denounced his never-ending hatred against the whole clan.

To recede from a foe so determined was inimical to the spirit of a Macleod: he had heard the denunciation, and, stepping forward, rashly destroyed every hope of conciliation, by challenging Macdonald and his adherents to the battle.

Wretched Ellen! what were thy feelings, when, in consequence of Macdonald's eager acceptance of the proposal, she beheld her faithful Archibald led away, faint and bleeding, to the dungeon beneath the lowest range of vaults. In vain she supplicated for his release: the rage of Macdonald knew no bound; and after two days indulgence to his wounded state, his conquered captive was hurried through dark and dreary recesses, where the light of heaven had from their formation been totally excluded.

Too faint to reach the place of his destination without resting. Archibald sunk upon a stone which jutted from a buttress, whence a low, deep tone of distress seemed to arise behind him. It was again faintly renewed, and ended with a convulsive sigh.

"That wall," said one of his conductors, encloses the keep."

Archibald trembled, and a horrid presentiment crossed his mind. He looked towards the damp and rugged wall—

"That is not your prison," observed him who had spoken before.

"To whom, then, does it supply a grave?"

"To Hugh Macleod—*I* brought him hither."

Archibald heard no more, but remained for several minutes totally insensible, and the ruffian who had pierced his soul by a discovery, against which the highest paroxysm of rage would have revolted, regretted his unfeeling cruelty, and vainly endeavoured to restore his bewildered faculties; but a voice, sweeter indeed than *the shepherd's pipe upon the mountains*, did more—and he awoke to life, love, and liberty, in the arms of his Ellen!——

"You are free, my beloved," she exclaimed, "my father is undeceived; his vengeance has fallen on the object who created it."

"Yes, Ellen!——and *I*—*I* have heard a father's last sigh!——There—within those walls?—O, agony!——But *you* are safe!"

Ellen wept, for she understood him.

Hugh Macleod had, indeed, been forced away on that eventful night, on which, deluded by a person who claimed his assistance, he had attended him to the rock, where a boat lay ready to carry him off; and in the horrid dungeon of Macdonald's castle he had suffered a tremendous punishment. History says, that on his first complaint of hunger, a piece of salt meat was let down; but that when, in consequence of excessive thirst, he demanded water, it was denied, the grating was dropped, and a lingering death ensued.

To describe the tumultuous state of Macleod's feelings is impossible. Ellen was restored to him—her father reconciled——his wounds trifling——but the groan, the feeble cry of distress, and the last, sad, convulsive sigh, were continually sounding a father's knell upon his heart, and proving the inefficacy of mortal claim to uninterrupted felicity.

Truth in a Mask.

ALLUSION I.

(CONCLUDED.)

HOWEVER, notwithstanding the thick veil under which they concealed their designs, the Pyrandrian world was then too plentifully illuminated for such an imposition to pass long upon it. Several things assisted the discovery. First, their counterfeit lamps with which they had found admittance into the Pyrandrian assemblies were found out, and so sufficiently exploded, that they were obliged to lay them aside. Secondly, they could not be prevailed on to draw together those precepts on which the art was founded; nor make lamps even by the history itself, lest truly, they should impose a particular sense on any part of it, or introduce novel explications. This gave great cause of suspicion that they were not true friends to the invention. Thirdly, they affected the same way of reasoning, and the same latitude of thought, with those who openly opposed the art, and were ever ready to cry them up as patterns of good sense and sound judgment. Fourthly, they appeared to have no light about them, and when they were questioned on that article, they shewed a dark lanthorn in which they said was inclosed a most glorious lamp, made by a new receipt, from whence they vain-gloriously assumed, and the Pyrandrians in derision, gave them the name of Augenei or New-lights. They could not be prevailed on to open these lanthorns, although they had nothing to fear but merely the being convicted of imposture, for the Pyrandrians used no violence or persecution, thinking every one punished himself sufficiently who refused the use of the lamps. The bare use of an abstract, that confessedly contained nothing different from the history, seemed to be too slight a foundation for the divisions that were broached, and the debates that were set on foot, since little or no inconvenience could rationably be feared from thence, it was presumed the Augenei had something of more moment at the bottom, and that they were enemies to the lamps themselves. At least, if this was not the case, some other principle or design, as detrimental to the public welfare, must be supposed, from the industry and art used to conceal, not only those lamps they pretended to carry about, but the secret by which they were made, and the whole plan of their designs. If the lamps of the Pyrandrians were false lights, or their inventor a deceiver, why did not the Augenei, who set up for more than ordinary degrees of benevolence, openly expose the imposture? If their own were the only true ones, why did they not produce them, and publish the receipt by which they were made? Why were all things to be managed covertly and in the dark by one party, in a dispute about light, whilst the other dealt openly in every thing, and taught the world what they knew? Why were the principles of the Augenei so impenetrable and opake, while those of the Pyrandrians were altogether transparent? Was it not a most preposterous thing while the Augenei railed at the Pyrandrians for the use of an abstract for which they could not assign natural reasons, because the co-operation of the several ingredients was in itself mysterious and inexplicable, that they should make a secret of what, if you believed their own words, they could very easily explain? All these, and a thousand other queries of the same kind, are no other way to be answered, but by saying that the Augenei stood up in defence of a pretended light, in order to establish a real darkness,

because darkness was the only defence for their deeds.

This controversy is likely never to have an end, because light and darkness are incompatible, till one or other party be destroyed.

But there is little room to expect this, since if on the one hand, the real and manifest use of the lamps must always preserve the art of making them, and the history in which it is contained; so the Augenei have many helps to support them on the other.—In all controversies, obscurity has greatly the advantage of perspicuity. All the designs of the Pyrandrians are no sooner laid, than discovered and obviated, while those of the Augenei are impenetrable. The Pyrandrians lie open to a thousand shots from the dark, exposed by their own light, while the Augenei are invisible, and only to be attacked at random. If there be the least flaw in an argument, that is thoroughly understood, it is immediately widened to a dissolution of the whole; or, if there be none, it is easy seeing where a pretended one may most artfully and feasibly be fixed.

But, on the other side, be there never so many real defects, obscurity can hide them all, as there is no distinguishing right from wrong, there is neither safety nor certainty in opposing any thing. What, said the Pyrandrians, is the use of light, but to be diffused about us, and to present us with a view of the persons or things we are concerned with? The benificent inventor of our lamps, forbade us to hide them, but rather to let them shine before all the Pyrandrians, that all might see and enjoy the benefit of them, and provide themselves with lamps of their own, but these Augenei, either envying us a share of their new light, or else fearing it should be found to be no better than darkness, conceal both their art and lamps; and by their stumbling and irregular motions, give shrewd signs that they had no light, and by their pilfering and other dark practices, that they desire none.

A thousand other circumstances too tedious here to mention, concurred to confirm this suspicion; but at length an accident happened that put it out of question. One of the Augenei was caught asleep after a debauch, by a company of the Pyrandrians, with his lanthorn hanging by him. They carried off both with them, and in a full assembly of their own people, examined him about the nature of his new light: But, there was such a world of shuffling and ambiguity in all his answers, that it was impossible to make any thing of him, only this, that such equivocal and double-dealing, plainly argued him an imposter; besides, upon his being first roused, which was in the midst of the assembly, he was in vast confusion to find himself surprised, his eyes could not bear the brightness of the lamps, and he demanded his lanthorn with the greatest marks of fear and anxiety in both his voice and looks. This was all the helps they had to form his character, or that of his companions, from any observations they could make on himself; for his impudence soon recovered him from his surprize, insomuch that he answered all their objections with an innocent face, and an assured look. The Pyrandrians finding it impossible to draw him out from the intricate recesses, and dark lurking places, which his manifold hypocrisy and impudence afforded him, ordered his lamp to be opened, in hopes of making a full discovery from thence: but they spent a great deal of time to no purpose in searching for a door. After handing it about, and examining it one after another, they were obliged to use violence to it.

Upon breaking it open, such a pestilential vapour issued from the fracture, as made the lamps for a moment or two burn blue, and seized the heads of all that were present, with an unaccountable giddiness: But, upon its going off immediately, they could observe no light in the lanthorn, nor any room for a lamp or candle, for the whole was stuffed with implements of various kinds, which they drew out and examined one after another. First came forth a large packet, with the word NEW-LIGHT wrote upon it in capital letters, and round the word, the figures of the sun, moon, stars, and other luminous bodies, with rays, and large encomiums interspersed upon the nature and excellence of light. Upon breaking this open, it appeared to be only the covering of several other packets contained within it, and was all painted with clouds on the inside. The first of the lesser packets had Truth wrote on it, and underneath a naked woman held a balance, one scale of which was immersed in a cloud, while the sun shone brightly on the other: upon opening this, there was found another, with Sophistry wrote upon it, and a figure with two faces, peeping from behind a curtain, and this again, being opened, was found full of fine dust, which by the least breath of the bye-standers, arose like smoak, and for some time, so far prevailed upon the lamps, as to render what past almost invisible. The next packet that was displayed, had Nature wrote upon it, and underneath the figure of a savage Pyrandrian, frisking on his hands and feet, and hastening with pleasure and eagerness in his countenance, towards an herd of four-footed animals that appeared at a distance. Within, it was daubed with obscene and drunken figures, and rude battles of naked Pyrandrians, tearing each other with their teeth. It contained another that had Pleasure wrote on the outside, and Vice within, and was filled with dung.

The last packet had Liberty wrote upon it, with the picture of a war-horse bounding over a wall, while his rider grovelled at some distance behind him, with the saddle, bridle, and other furniture lying in confusion round him. On the inside appeared the figure of a hydra, whose hundred heads, armed with fire and stings, waged furious war with each other, and in the void spaces among the heads, was wrote Libertinism and Anarchy. It contained only a medly of small books and warlike weapons, cut in wood, that looked like an arsenal and library huddled together. It was observed, that on one of the books, these words were carved, Darkness to be felt.—Such were the contents of the packets. The rest of the lanthorn was filled with daggers, poisons, pick-locks, rope-ladders, and all the various instruments with which night-enterprises and dark designs are wont to be carried on. By the anatomy of this lanthorn, as it was called, it appeared what kind of people the Augenei were, and an edict was forthwith published by the Pyrandrians, forbidding all manner of commerce or conversation with them, under this penalty, That whosoever should transgress the edict, should have his lamp forthwith quenched, and be for ever expelled the luminous assembly.

FOR THE PHILADELPHIA REPOSITORY.

MR. HOGAN,

I Believe, with the author of what *Old Cant* calls a singular curiosity, that we are now in the eighteen hundred and fourth year of the Christian Æra, according to vulgar computation; but at the same time I am also of opinion that his proof is inconclusive.

The question, whether the present is the 1803rd or 1804th year of our Lord, must be resolved into an enquiry, whether Christians compute by current or complete years from the birth of their Saviour? and this

query must be answered by history and chronology. It respects a plain matter of fact, which can be proved by authentic testimony; comparison and analogy have nothing to do with it—In fact, the hours and miles which have been adduced in evidence, go no farther than to say, a part is not the whole, and current is not complete; which is equivalent to saying, on being asked, whether in travelling to Bristol I had started from the court-house or the one mile-stone? that sixty minutes make an hour—an inch beyond the eighteenth mile-stone is within the nineteenth mile.

If we were disposed to perplex the investigation of this subject with comparisons and inferences, and to take the opposite side of the question, it might be said, American Independency and the French Revolution are computed by current years, and therefore the Christian Æra is the same. Nay, is it not more likely, that, in recording an event which took place in the first year of our Lord, it would be stated to have happened A. D. 1, than A. D. 0. However reasonably such a comparison and inference may appear, it will be found unsubstantiated by the fact—Let us see:

In the American edition of the Encyclopædia, article *Chronology*, we find that "the vulgar æra of Christ's birth was never settled till the year 527, when Dyonisius Exiguus, a Roman Abbot, fixed it to the end of the 4713th year of the Julian period, which was four years too late; for our Saviour was born before the death of Herod, who sought to kill him as soon as he heard of his birth. And according to the testimony of Josephus, (Book XVII. chap. 8.) there was an eclipse of the moon in the time of Herod's last illness; which eclipse appears, by our astronomical tables, to have been in the year of the Julian period 4710, March 13th, at three hours past midnight, at Jerusalem. Now as our Saviour must have been born some months before Herod's death, since in the interval he was carried into Egypt, the latest time in which we can fix the true æra of his birth is about the end of the 4709th year of the Julian period."

From hence it appears, that our Saviour was four full and complete years of age, and consequently entered in his fifth, when, according to the Dionysian or Vulgar Æra, he was only recently born.

Well: A chronological table of remarkable events, &c. now before me, corresponding with a marginal note in a Folio Bible, states, that Jesus Christ had his celebrated controversy with the doctors in the temple, A. D. 8. Now the determination, whether this was a current or complete year of his age will prove the point at issue, *viz.* Whether Christians compute by current or complete years?—If by current, our Saviour must have been between seven and eight; if complete, between eight and nine. How stands the fact?—St. Luke informs us, this event took place "when he was twelve years of age," by these words I understand twelve full and complete years had elapsed since his birth, and that he was then in his thirteenth year. This being the case, let us take from the number 13 (the current) and 12 (the complete) years of the age of our Lord, the four years of error, and we have 9 current and 8 complete—Eight is the number in the table, of course Christians compute by complete and not current years: and in consequence, the year is not named until all the months and moments constituting it are totally elapsed. Hence it inevitably follows, that if our Saviour had continued personally on earth until this day, he would be now eighteen hundred and three years, one month, and twenty days old, (according to the Dionysian Æra) and consequently in his 1804th year.

TWICE-EIGHT.

FOR THE PHILADELPHIA REPOSITORY.

I SHOULD be glad to know, Mr. Editor, (and perhaps some of your beau-readers may inform me, if ever that description of beings can spare time sufficient from decorating their elegant persons, to peruse the Repository,) what pleasure they derive (and indeed I think a pleasure founded on envy) in expressing their malignant remarks on *Female Dress*. You know, Mr. Editor, "*Charity begins at home*," and whether is it better for us females, who were given to your sex as a favour in order to smooth the rugged path of life, to spend our time in attention to the improvement of our persons?—or for you men, (some exceptions, good Sir) who vainly think yourselves the lords of the creation, to trifle away time in assuming the fopperies of the age. We shift and turn, and turn and shift, in each devious way, to please you; but still cannot obtain your good wishes. Time has past, when the citadel was completely fortified, and no part of the garrison was to be seen; did that meet your approbation?—No!—your invectives increased, as did our wishes to please. However, at length you condescended to enter into a cessation of hostilities; and as a pledge of being amicably disposed towards you, we dispensed with part of our fortifications. Then, dear beaux, we thought your thanks certainly would have been bestowed on us; but mark the disappointment,—(for, alas! they are ever assailing us in this life)—You charged us with a "loss of modesty," and (as some of the wise-acres emphatically expressed themselves) "*wished to force you to take notice of us*," and "*attempted a new mode of ensnaring your hearts*." Sweet fellows! so you are fearful we have lost all our modesty, and wish you to love us by force. As some of you, however, have scarcely two correct opinions, I think it was well said. But can we expect that those who spend so much time in the pursuit of fashions to decorate their own sweet persons, will approve of ours, derived perhaps from the same source? hardly, Mr. Editor. The pert things are too much taken up with attention to themselves, to give our cause an impartial hearing. Allow me, however, to suggest to them the propriety of calling a meeting of the most learned of their fraternity, that they may inform us if a dress, or no dress, would be most pleasing; and whether it is more becoming in them to have *no bodies*, than in us to have *no waists*. Our dress aspires to improvement, their's descends to that of coachmen. We smile at their folly, and they in revenge throw out bitter invectives against us. Be assured, Mr. Editor, it is nothing but revenge. They find *our* dresses neat and elegant, *their's* clumsy and unbecoming; and vent their spleen accordingly. But, cheer up, ye sweet youth; we remain impervious to your calumniating attacks, and do not conclude our modesty is in danger, or our manners depraved; but rest under the full conviction, that tho' our dress is a little *outre*, we yet maintain that dignity of character which will ever be the greatest ornament to the virtuous female mind. And as you have come as "*spies to view the nakedness of the land*," be assured you will meet with the desert of such: and tho' our attempts to please have not yet met with the success they merit, yet we can console ourselves with the idea "*that it is impossible to please every body*."

JUST mark me, girls, and guard your hearts
From men so fawning, teasing;
Think not their smiles true worth imparts,
Nor think their flatt'ry pleasing.
Those natty beaux,
Whose conduct shews,
That praise is all they wish for;
Of them beware,
For I declare,
Our hearts are what they fish for.

Grant me the plain, the modest youth,
Assurance not possessing;
Whose actions all abound with truth,
Whose chat is not depressing:
He must unite,
The gay, polite,
He never must dissemble;
From such I'd soon,
Demand a boon....
For my poor heart I'd tremble.

MARIA.

FOR THE PHILADELPHIA REPOSITORY.

TRANSLATION
OF THE LATIN ODE,

In the 1st No. of the Repository, Vol. iii.

TAKEN FROM NUMB. XXIV. 5—10.

O JACOB, how beautiful is thy well disposed camp!
How graceful thy ensigns, O Israel!*
Beautiful as a valley, watered by many purling streams;
Beautiful as the garden of Eden, refreshed with ever-bubbling rills,
Where the odoriferous sanders grow, full of verdure, in the sacred groves,†
And the lofty Cedar by the deep rolling rivers.
Wells, never-failing, nourish all his offspring,
And his moist seeds are made fruitful with much morning dew:
His King shall always prevail over his enemies,
And the boundaries of his holy government shall be infinitely extended.‡
GOD having discomfited the power of Egypt, hither hath led him,
Elate, in his recently experienced strength,
As the unicorn, who, bounding unrestrained on the tops of the mountains,
Far from the dwellings of man, tosses his head on high,
And seems to challenge the heavens with his lofty horn:
He will devour his enemies; he will crush their bones,
The spear hurled against him in vain, with his teeth
He will tear in pieces.
He will lie down as a lion, he will couch as a young lion
In the pride of his strength, and who shall
Dare to arouse him to the battle?‖
O Israel, he who blesseth thee shall be blessed,
And he who curseth thee shall himself be made a curse.

X. W. T.

NOTES.

* *Tuis Jacobe quantus est castra decor.*] The term *decor* conveys more in its meaning than can be expressed by any word in our language. It is that gracefulness which is seen in a person acting, or speaking in a comely manner. It includes order, beauty, comeliness, and even bravery. This apostrophe of Balaam is very beautiful: from the eminence on which he stood he saw "Israel abiding in his tents according to his tribes;" all was order and regularity, and every standard waving in air, his mind was filled with wonder and admiration; the spirit from on high moved him, and he broke out in the above beautiful manner.

† *Sacris Edenæ costi.*] Why the learned and judicious Lowth has used the word *costi* I am not able to explain; it is the root of an herb found in India, Arabia and Syria, of a very agreeable smell, mentioned by Pliny, Issidorus, Dioscorides, &c.; but this does not appear to me a comparison by any means appropriate,—the ensigns of Israel were in his view, and a root or herb, how sweet smelling soever, would rather depress than raise the object compared.

Our translators expound the Hebrew word, *alloes wood*, a wood of all others the most resinous; but it is only found in China, and in some of the East Indian isles: it therefore appears to me not probable that Balaam knew any thing of it. Tremelius and Franciscus Junius translate the word by *santalum, sanders;* this is a very beautiful, as well as very odoriferous tree, it grows as tall as the walnut, full of oval leaves growing at equal distances: it is well known among the Arabians, Persians, and now among the Turks; for, of a part of the tree reduced to powder they make a paste with which they anoint their bodies ——The comparison is very lofty; the works of men and the common appearances of nature are passed by, and Jacob, the chosen of the Lord, with all his standards waving in air, is compared to the trees in Eden, which God himself had planted.

‡ *Rex usque victor hostium.*] Our translators have it, "his king shall be higher than Agag," which is the exact literal meaning of the text; and the Jewish commentators generally agree with them, and say, the prophecy was fulfilled when Saul triumphed over the Amalekites: but Saul did not extend his government without end, nor did he deserve the emphatic title of *his king*, as if there should be none else; therefore I am of opinion, that the prophecy refers to a much more exalted personage. Had the word *king* been in the plural number, then it might have been applied to Saul, David, Solomon, and several others, thus, "his kings shall be higher than Agag," a common name given to all the kings of Amalek. I venture therefore the following exposition:—By Agag, the chief of Amalek, I understand the serpent, or Satan and his seed; and by *his king*, JESUS CHRIST, stiled *his king*, by way of eminence. Then indeed the meaning *will be* easy; his king shall be higher than Agag; that is, shall overcome all opposition, and his government extend without end, as the Hebrew word will bear. It appears to me, the Psalmist had shis passage in view, Psal. lxxxix. 27. "I will make him my first-born, higher than the *kings of the earth*," and it is well known to those conversant with the sacred volume, that *my king, a king, the king*, are in the prophetic language, generally to be explained in the same manner.

NOTES.

‖ *Ut Leo recumbit, &c.*] When we give this a literal exposition, to me it appears very beautiful; thus, In the war in which Israel shall soon be engaged with the seven nations of Canaan, he shall, with the greatest ease, prove victorious; he will then sit down in his possessions, and enjoy the sweets of peace; but should the nations again provoke him to war, they will find him a young lion exulting in the pride of his strength.

FOR THE PHILADELPHIA REPOSITORY.

MR. HOGAN.

Reading the other day an European publication, the following Anecdote *of the justly celebrated* DR. JOHNSON *struck my attention.* *Yours,*

Z.

DR. JOHNSON in early life was on terms of intimate friendship with Mrs. BROOKE, the author of *Julia Mandeville*, &c.—When that lady was about to accompany her husband to Canada, the Doctor called a few days before her departure, to take his leave of her. On his introduction, he found her in the midst of a large circle of friends, who were assembled for the same purpose; after a short stay, he bade her adieu, and went down stairs. In a few minutes the servant came to inform his mistress that she was wanted in the parlour. Mrs. Brooke accordingly obeyed the summons, and to her great surprise saw the Doctor sitting with much composure in an elbow-chair. "Madam," said he, with his usual solemnity, "I did not choose to take so long a leave of so old a friend without giving her a kiss; and, as I did not think it proper to take this liberty before so many people, I sent for you, that I might take a salute without our being liable to any impertinent observation." With great formality the Doctor saluted his female friend, and departed.

Moral Essays.

NO. I.

The want of Consistency, the chief source of our Folly and Unhappiness.

WHAT is the grand truth, the truth that ought to be inculcated every hour upon mankind? The necessity of Consistency. Who does not perceive, that, without Consistency, nothing valuable is to be acquired? No peace or comfort, no satisfaction within ourselves, no solid enjoyment from any thing without us, can be our portion, whilst we are continually fluctuating and changing. What a drudgery is it to pass through life in perpetual fatigue, doing and undoing, building up with all our might, and then as earnest to pull down what we have reared with so much toil and labour. But would we be consistent, we must be virtuous; for even the most abandoned often manifest a strong regard to virtue. It is impossible that any one should be always uniformly vicious: and if we wish to be consistent, what must be our guide? Passion cannot long be steady; reason is the only power in our nature that can make us truly consistent for a single day.

To have no view, no aim in life, is almost as unjustifiable as to be under the influence of bad views. Can any one, who has not thrown off every principle of reason, doubt that man was made for thinking seriously, and for acting steadily?

To have many and inconsistent views, is as bad as to have none at all. If unity of design is absolutely necessary in every dramatical representation, how much more necessary must it be in the great drama of human life?

It is very common to ascribe the vices of men to some one general cause. No doubt this is injudicious; for the causes of vice are evidently many. But could our failings be imputed to any one cause, it must certainly be *forgetfulness*; for who is there that has not, at some time or other, been made sensible of every part of his duty?—The distinctions of right and wrong are deeply impressed upon our minds; and every scene, in which we are engaged, affords us fresh lessons with respect to the part which we ought to act. But when the trial comes, we no longer retain our convictions: a thousand concurring circumstances render us inattentive to the truths of which we have been most fully persuaded; and thus we fall into follies and crimes, of which we should have deemed ourselves absolutely incapable. A habit of recollection must therefore be as necessary as an endeavour to arrive at the knowledge of new truths.

Forgetfulness may often be a crime. There are some things which ought never to be out of our thoughts. The obligations we are under to religion and virtue are too sacred to be thought of merely by fits and starts; nor can there ever be a time when the recollection of moral truth may not be absolutely necessary; and one unguarded minute is often attended with most fatal consequences. How absurd must it be then not to endeavour wholly to exclude from our minds every thing that may render us, for ever so short a space, unmindful of any one of the dictates of reason and virtue? And were our minds free from wrong passions and inclinations, there would be little danger of losing sight of our duty. In whatever point the heart is right, the memory will prove sufficiently retentive.

It may, in most cases, be excuseable to say, "Such a one surpasses me in many kinds of knowledge, or in a capacity to transact affairs of a nice and difficult nature; and as his genius is superior to mine, or his advantages in these respects have been greater than mine, I do not blush to own my inferiority, nor strain myself to rival him." But how different ought our language to be with respect to virtue? In point of virtue, no man can justly content himself with being inferior to any other. On the contrary, every one's ambition ought to inspire him with an ardent desire of practising every virtue that can be practised by man, and he ought to blush when he finds himself outstripped. The man that does not pant after the most heroic virtue he can conceive, is scarcely one remove from the brute. In this way then let our desires be absolutely boundless!

But what is the genuine language of human conduct? "A little more, and a little more of folly, and then we will apply to wisdom." Is this pardonable? Can the fondest partiality excuse such conduct in others? How then can we admit it in our own case? Are delays capable of rendering our duty more easy? Must they not necessarily have an effect directly contrary? Must they not render us more and more averse to every duty that is supposed to be attended with any difficulty? To what purpose then can we postpone our application to that which is of the most immediate, as well as of the highest moment? Are we not already men, rational beings, and as such formed for the sublimest virtues? Are we not already sufficiently sensible of our duty? And do we not then commit a most enormous outrage against the dignity of our nature, if we fail to embrace any opportunity of acting rationally and virtuously. ¶

ANECDOTES OF TOBACCO.

IN 1496, Romanus Pane, a Spanish monk, whom Columbus, on his second departure from America, had left behind him, published the first account of Tobacco, which he became acquainted with in St. Domingo. In 1559, Jean Nicot, envoy from France at the court of Portugal, first transmitted seeds of the Tobacco plant to Paris. Cardinal *Prosper St. Croix* next introduced it into Italy, from Portugal, where he had been nuncio from the Pope.

In 1585, the English first saw pipes made of clay, among the native Indians of Virginia. The English soon after fabricated the first clay pipes in Europe. In the beginning of the 17th century, they began to cultivate Tobacco in the East Indies.

In 1604, James I. of England, endeavoured, by heavy imposts, to abolish the use of Tobacco; and in 1619, he wrote a book against it.

In 1610, smoking of Tobacco was known at Constantinople. To render the custom ridiculous, a Turk, who had been found smoking, was conducted about the streets with a pipe transfixed through his nose.

In 1616, Tobacco began to be cultivated in Virginia.

In 1624, Pope Urban VIII. published a decree of excommunication against all who should take snuff in the church; because some Spanish ecclesiastics used it during the celebration of mass.

In 1634, smoking was forbidden in Russia, under pain of having the nose cut off.

In 1653, they began to smoke tobacco in the canton of Appenzell, in Switzerland. At first the children ran after those who smoked in the streets; and the council cited the smokers before them, and punished them. In a police regulation of the canton of Bern, in 1661, the prohibition to smoke Tobacco, stands under the rubric, "Thou shalt not commit adultery!" This prohibition continued in force till the middle of the last century.

In 1690, Pope Innocent XII. excommunicated all who should be guilty of using snuff or tobacco in the church of St. Peter, at Rome; but in 1724, Pope Benedict XIV. revoked this bull, because he himself had acquired the habit of taking snuff.

It is supposed, by those who have investigated the subject, that the custom of smoking a kind of tobacco prevailed in Asia, particularly in China, long before the discovery of America.

FOR THE PHILADELPHIA REPOSITORY.

A SIMPLE QUESTION,

FROM A STUDENT.

If *A* leaves Philadelphia at 8 o'clock on Friday morning for Carlisle, and rides at the rate of 3 miles an hour, without intermission; and *B* sets out from Carlisle for Philadelphia at 4, the same evening, and rides 4 miles an hour constantly—Supposing the distance to be 130 miles, at what distance from Philadelphia will they meet on the road.

Y. N.

A PHILOSOPHICAL COBLER.

On the day of the coronation of the present king of England, (as report has gone) a gentleman, who had been walking in London, in the vast procession which this event occasioned, happened to make a rent in his shoe; and went into a cobler's stall to get it mended. Observing the cobler to continue intent upon his work, without once looking up to observe the brilliant throng that was constantly passing his door, he questioned him respecting this indifference. The cobler laconically replied, "This fine show is nothing to me: the Lord sent me into the world to mend shoes, and I must mind my own business."

POWER OF THE PENCIL.

AS the famous Pietro de Cortona was one day finishing the face of a crying child, in the representation of the Iron Age, with which he was adorning the floor, called the Hot Bath, in the Royal Palace of Pitti, Ferdinand the Second, who happened to be looking over him, for his amusement, could not forbear expressing his approbation, by crying out, "Oh, how well that child cries!" To whom the artist replied, "Has your majesty a mind to see how easy it is to make children laugh? Behold, I'll prove it in an instant." And taking up his pencil, by giving the contour of the mouth a concave turn downwards, instead of the convex upwards, which it before had, and with little or no alteration in any other part of the face, he made the child, who, a little before, seemed ready to burst its heart with crying, appear in equal danger of bursting its sides with immoderate laughter; and then, by restoring the altered features to their former position, he soon set the child a crying again.

COLOURS.

AS the signification of colours may not be altogether known to many of our readers, and as the interpretation of them may have a tendency to regulate the mode of dress, particularly in our fair country-women, we earnestly recommend them to their notice.

Black—signifies wisdom, sobriety, and mourning.
Red—justice, virtue, and defence.
Flame colour—beauty and desire.
Maiden's blush—envy.
Flesh colour—lasciviousness.
Carnation—craft, subtlety and deceit.
Green—Hope.
Glass Green—youthfulness and rejoicing.
Yellow—jealousy.
Lemon colour—jealousy also.
Perfect Yellow—joy, honour, and greatness of spirit.
Gold colour—avarice.
Straw colour—plenty.
Orange Tawney—pride.
Blue—true faith and continued affections.
Azure—constancy.
Violet colour—a religious mind.
Poppinjay green—wantonness.
Purple—fortitude.
White—death.
Milk white—innocency, purity, truth and integrity.

White, black, red and green, are colours held sacred in the church of Rome; and there are various other emblematical significations in regard to colours, which are frequently left to the judgment of artists.

Spectator.

PHILADELPHIA,
FEBRUARY 26, 1803.

Franklinean Society.

THE following Question will be discussed this evening, at the Hall in Gaskill-street, at 7 o'clock:

Is it consistent with sound policy and Republican principles, to deny free Blacks the rights of Citizenship?

N. B. Citizens are invited to attend.

GEORGE ORD, Jun.
Secretary.

FEB. 26.

WE understand that there is now at Stelle's Hotel, in the City of Washington, a German, lately arrived, who has brought with him as a present for the President, a pipe which cost 50 guineas; a gentleman who has seen this pipe, describes it as richly ornamented and very elegant.

PARIS, OCT. 6, 1802.

CURIOUS DISCOVERY.

THE use which citizen Potel has made of the oxygenated muriatic acid gas, in the establishment he had formed for bleaching linen, has led him by chance to the discovery of a fact highly interesting to humanity. He was in his laboratory, when they laid down on a table on which this gas was, rats that had just been taken out of the water, drowned. A moment after, the rats disappeared, and hid themselves in a corner of the room, one only remained near the apparatus. It was restored to life again, but had not been able to follow the others, because its paws were broken. Citizen P. having taken them again, *asphyxiated* them anew, submitting them under the action of the gas, and saw them brought to life again. He tried several times this experiment on cats; at last, like Storch, who tried on himself the power of the hemlock, this young man tried on himself the efficacy of this new means. His boldness was crowned with success. The Academy of Dijon have nominated commissioners in order to determine in an undeniable manner the property of this gas in the *Asphyxia.*

INTELLIGENCE.

ROTTERDAM, DEC. 14.

AN Earthquake has been experienced at Algiers. The shock continued 40 minutes. A village, about 6 miles from Algiers, containing 200 houses was destroyed, and all the inhabitants perished.

The following particulars received from Peterwaradin, *of Nov.* 18, *afford some information as to the effects of the late earthquake at* Constantinople.

"THE Earthquake of the 26th, (they write) raged at Constantinople the most violently towards the sea: many houses in the vicinity of the Seraglio, were thrown down, as well as several huts and mosques in the suburbs of Galata. It continued there more than 30 minutes at intervals, either by shocks or tremulous motions. The seraglio itself was violently agitated, and the Grand Seignor himself took refuge in the mosque of Sophia, where an astonishing number of people had assembled, that building being considered as immoveable."

Marriages.

MARRIED, on the 12th inst. by the Rev. Mr. Abercrombie, Dr. *Samuel Thompson*, of Church Hill, Maryland, to Miss *Mary Adeline Thompson*, daughter of Mr. Richard Thompson, of this city.

Deaths.

DIED, on the 16th inst. Mrs. *Margaret Fullerton*, relict of the late Mr. George Fullerton, formerly merchant of this city.

——, on the 15th inst. Mr. *Hugh Ogden*, coachmaker.

——, on the 21st inst. *Thomas Wignell*, esq. one of the Managers of the New Theatre.

——, Same day, of a short illness, *Robert W. Morgan*, eldest son of Mr. Thomas Morgan, of this city.

——, *Margaret Elliot*, wife of John Elliot, of this city, Druggist, after a short illness.

TEMPLE of the MUSES.

ORIGINAL POETRY.

Autumn Thoughts:

OR,

THE THREE EXPERIENCES.

PART II.

CONVICTION.

Thus, *Conscience makes Cowards of us all.*
SHAKESPEARE.

THUS, the Despondent mourn'd—while, sad and slow,
Along the beach he trode his weary way;
His burthen'd, sinking heart, surcharg'd with woe,
Without one comfort, or one cheering ray.
From western skies as beam'd declining day,
He saw a cliff that overhung the wave;
Then hasten'd, as the lion to his prey,
Resolv'd to meet death in the wat'ry grave,—
Disgusted long with life and all the joys it gave.

The summit soon he gain'd; and, as he stood
And cast around a farewell-bidding eye,
Thus he, in half-form'd accents, spoke the flood—
"O! to *Despondence*, sweet is it to die,
"And in th' abyss of nothingness to lie!
"'Tis courage prompts: and cowards dare not come;
"They cling to life, as children to their toy:
"'Twas thus, immortal heroes sought the tomb;
"And thus, plung'd headlong forth, to their eternal home—"

Sudden, he thought, the heav'ns were veil'd in night;
Fierce whirlwinds howl'd; red lightnings glar'd around;
The river's bed upturn'd, in wild affright;
Peals of harsh thunder burst the shudd'ring ground—
In whose short intervals, a whisp'ring sound,
As of a human voice, assail'd his ear:
Which, growing more distinct and loud, he found
Came from some object, that he knew not, near;
And, straight, his hair rose up,...and his limbs shook, with fear.

When, now, before him stood, or seem'd to stand,
A form more perfect than e'er met his sight,
Beaming a radiance o'er the waves and land,
From her long-flowing robes of streaming light:
Her eyes, of living lustre keenly bright,
So stern on him she fix'd, with look severe,
He felt as tho' they pierc'd his soul's black night,
Drag'd forth his secret thoughts, & shew'd them clear;
While thus, his purpos'd act she made a crime appear—

"Stop, Suicide! thine error-wrought design—
"Rash Mortal! for one moment, yet forbear
"The guilty deed: I know that heart of thine,
"Each latent thought, and dark intention there.
"I've heard thy plaint—I've witness'd thy *Despair*,
"Now ting'd with glimm'rings of *some* future state;
"Now darker made by mental clouds and care,
"'Till, furious, rack'd by perturbation great,
"It sought extinction in existence' final fate.

"Short-sighted, weak, deluded, foolish Man!
"To think thou cou'd'st annihilation gain;
"Or counteract thy MAKER'S wisdom-plan,
"That dost eternal life to Man ordain:
"For, know this truth, there's nothing made in vain;
"He only who created can destroy
"Or modes, or essences, in Being's chain;
"But means with thee were useless to employ
"To kill thy better part,—that part can never die.

"Reflect! thyself thou didst not make; nor give
"Thyself, thy pleasures and thy joys below:
"Th' ETERNAL, when He bade thee breathe and live,
"No motive but thy sov'reign good could know.
"The debt of gratitude, then, dost thou owe,
"Since bare existence all a blessing deem;
"And dost thou pay thy MAKER'S goodness so,
"And thus insult the MAJESTY SUPREME,
"By murm'ring at His will—"Our being's but a dream?"

"If, like a dream, Man's transient being flies,
"And he, with scenes sublunar, glides away,
"What folly, then, to dash your short-liv'd joys!
"Or, to accelerate the parting day!
"But if, as Man's consent and reason say,
"Y' are born for mutual benefits and aid,
"How culpable is he who yields a prey,
"To what unfits for that for which he's made,
"And (coward!) thus his post would quit, and trust evade!

"But, further yet—important most of all—
"If this your being (as the Scripture says)
"On earth is but a state probational,
"And ye shall reap the fruits of all your ways
"In an eternal world—not blame or praise—
"But everlasting happiness or woe,
"Commens'rate with th' ALMIGHTY'S wrath or grace,
"According to the part ye act below,....
"What is thy risque, if thus, uncall'd, to Him thou go!

"Nay, say not that thy life's embitter'd cup
"So nauseous grows, the draught thou can'st not bear:
"That glooms intolerable, blasting hope,
"Point death thine only refuge from Despair:
"This, dastard spirit, only would declare—
"O shame! the courage of a man assume;
"Behold, thy fellow-men misfortunes share,
"Yet brave the storm, avert th' impending gloom,
"And thus, with prudence, cheer life's passage to the tomb.

"Talk not of misery that knows no end;
"That friendless, joyless, thy existence past;
"*Religion* would have made thy GOD thy friend,
"Whose kind protecting love would ever last.
"Thy lot 'mid cares and troubles He hath cast,
"In wisdom's purpose for thy good alone:
"To raise thee (clinging to earth's trifles fast)
"To objects where Man's dignity is shewn;
"To try thy strength; or make thy gratitude be known.

"Hence, learn incumbent duties to fulfill;
"The ample means, *Health*, *Wealth*, are in thy pow'r:
"Like a good steward, do thy master's will;
"Go where Care, Poverty and Sickness lour;
"Assuage their sufferings,—cheer each lonely hour—
"Go!—and the Naked clothe; the Hungry feed;
"In Sorrows wounds the balm of comfort pour;
"Let Charity embrace each vari'd need,
"And let thine aids tow'rds all the Human Race be spread.

"When thus thy duties are perform'd, thou'lt find
"Thou art with GOD, thyself, the world at peace;
"No more shall fell *Despondence* gloom thy mind,
"But ev'ry cause of discontent shall cease:
"Then, whatsoe'er thy future fate, it please
"Thy MAKER, Heav'nly Parent, to ordain,
"Thou can'st, with resignation, rest at ease,
"It must be for His honor, and thy gain,
"Since all is for the best, and nothing made in vain.

"But, if these solemn truths cannot prevent
"The impious purpose of thy stubborn heart,—
"Reflect!—the time may fly thee to repent,
"And thy lost soul feel Hell's eternal smart.
"O ponder!....pause!....Mine hour is up—we part—"

Thus Conscience spoke, and "in a blaze withdrew."
Horror and Guilt made the Despondent start;
Wildly he gaz'd around—nought met his view,
But the smooth stream, green fields, and soft etherial blue.

ALEXIS.

A WINTER SONG.

HARK! the shrill voice of Fowler flies
Across the level, snow-crown'd lawn;
Bright Venus in the eastern skies
Proclaims the near approach of dawn.
Arouse my lads, our guns prepare,
Call forth the dogs—haste, let us go;
We'll snuff the morning's healthsome air,
And hunt the Rabbit thro' the snow.

Sylvia, poor slut! her wistful face
Denotes she waits the sonorous cry;
Hark! Fowler sure has rous'd the chase,
Away, away, the game is nigh.
See how she flies the snow among,
Soon will she leave the pack behind;
Already has she gain'd the throng,
While shouts of triumph fill the wind.

Panting across the brush-wood heath,
Poor Puss her weary steps does bend,
In hopes to gain respite from death,
In hopes the lengthen'd chace will end.
Alas! no friendly hole is near;
To reach her first, fleet Sylvia tries,
Death's awful yell now fills her ear,
Lo! Sylvia triumphs—and she dies.

From brake to fen, from fen to brake,
Let's scour while game invites to roam;
Then each his well earn'd burden take,
And tread the nearest way to home.
Great are the pleasures of the chase
Young Health presides, and in her train
Pale Sorrow dare not shew her face,
For joy enlivens every swain.